

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

PARIS, (ME.).....THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1824.

NO. 19.

## THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on

the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

\* The Publisher, also, deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement, beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

—o—o—

## AGENTS FOR THE OBSERVER.

Andover.....JAMES F. BRAGG, Esq.  
Bethel.....Mr. MOSES BARRETT.  
Canton.....Hon. CONRAD HOLLAND.  
Dixfield.....HENRY PARVILLE, Esq.  
Jaffrey.....Hon. JAMES STARR, Junior.  
Livermore.....SAMUEL MORRISON, Esq.  
N. Livermore.....REUEL WASHBURN, Esq.  
Minot.....Mr. JOSHUA PARSONS.  
Sumner.....Doctor BATHUEL CAREY.  
Weld.....FREEMAN LILLY, Esq.  
Waterville.....Doctor JOHN P. FRENCH.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From Washington Irving's New-York.

### THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER.

A few miles from Boston in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge, into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd the pirate buried his treasure. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good look out to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the bidding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly afterwards at Boston, sent out to England and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were prevalent in New-England, and shook many tall timber down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meagre, miserly fellow, of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away: a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn-looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few struggling sycamore trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveller stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss scarcely covered the ragged beds of puddling stone, stunted and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence; look pitifully at the passer by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in words warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrank within himself at the horrid clamor and clapping-clawing: eyed the den of diabolical askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bacheloret in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took w<sup>t</sup>; it be considered a short cut homewards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high; which made it dark at noon day, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses; where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black smothering mud. There were also dark and stagnant pools, the abode of the tadpole, the bull-frog, the water-snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks half-drowned, half-rotting, looking like alligators, sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots which al-

torded precarious footholds among the deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of the wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strong holds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of a fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he, would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars, when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree toad, and delving with his walking-staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust of the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foot-hold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph," said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither a negro nor Indian.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms, and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom, with a sneer, "no more your grounds than mine: they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d——," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbor's. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn down, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowningshield; and he recollects a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph.

"You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you?" said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber."

"The right of prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries, the black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then rotted a white man by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecution of quakers and ana-baptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem Witches."

"The upshot of all which, is that if I mistake not," said Tom sturdily, "you are commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same at your service!" replied the black man with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild lonely place would have shaken any man's nerves: but Tom was a hard minded fellow not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement, they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of the great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass.

All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him, but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.

"There is my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, end so until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowningshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "a great man has fallen in Israel."

Tom recollects the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares?" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms, and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom, with a sneer, "no more your grounds than mine: they belong to Deacon Peabody."

Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back she was reserved and sulky in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forgot to say.

The next evening she sat off again for the swamp with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety; especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It was one of those fictions that have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled masses of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough; others more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province;

while others assert that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man with an axe on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy places, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name re-

peatedly, but she was no where to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to fly about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of crows that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron, and hanging in the branches of the tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as it keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consoling to himself; "and we will endeavor to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but woe-sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## "IS HE RICH?"

From the general use of this question, may be derived the influence which riches have upon the minds of the generality of mankind. The other day Dame Chattering had a gentleman apply for a daughter, but her answer could not be obtained till time and opportunity offered to inquire whether he possessed a plenty of treasures in this world. An emigrant when he first steps his foot on shore is surveyed attentively, and the first inquiry is, "Is he rich?" If negatived he is levelled! if he is really so without searching into the qualifications of the man he is raised to the honors of receiving a bow and the homage of time and opportunity of every description; the young ladies all have hopes of an easy settlement; could they but win his affections, and the money is counted and attended to while sense and virtue, in rags, may wander neglected.

"Is he rich?" demands old father Graybeard, "if not, he shall not have a daughter of mine; no poverty struck man shall have a penny of my property."

"Is he rich?" says old Grips—"if he is not, I will not trust him a farthing." Poor mortals, the rich man needs not the help of the miser; it is the poor and industrious who stand in need of your assistance; the daughter of a man who lives well in this world, may make as happy a match with a poor man, as with one dignified by rank or fortune—to-day a king may become a beggar—to-morrow a beggar may become a king; but will a change alter the blood which flows in his veins? (Indeed man!) fancy not that money can purchase health and contentment! the child in the cottage with his roasted potatoe, shows as many smiles, and has as many winning ways, looks as healthy and is better prepared for the vicissitudes of disease than the pampered babe, who is fed and nursed by the tenderness of a fond and indulgent mother who, through love violates his blood, by an excess of delicious morsels. Thus riches may have ill consequences when badly applied.

"Is he rich?" says the doctor; "then I will closely attend him; I will visit him day and night; I will not give him up as long as I have a chance met, to and advise." But the poor man in pain may linger day after day and not see the face of a physician.

"Is he rich?" says the counsel of a poor man, unable to give a fee to his lawyer, being also a defendant; "if he is, your case is bad, you had better get rid of it without further cost;" but was he rich also, the lawyer would on with his spectacles, search folio after folio; and right or wrong attempt to plead his cause.

"Is he rich?" asks the priest; and if he is, you will find him constantly visited, and treated with attention. A parson never despises a parishioner who can keep a good cask of wine in his house, or even those who can furnish a bowl of punch occasionally.

Having shown the effects of riches, and that they are made of material consequence among mankind in general, should we not endeavor beyond every thing else, to come at the treasure.

Give man, who before was despised and kicked, cash, he will immediately be caressed and thought suitable company. Thus mankind vary according to the changes of life, and treat the generality of things in a superficial way. Dame Chattering, father Graybeard, and Grips; and you, Dr. Fillpurs, Lawyer Quibble, and priest Punchbowl—ye study things temporal more than spiritual; but the day is coming when money will not ease pain, procure a pardon, fee a judge, or make wedlock easy.

Boston Gazette.

Russian Hymn generally recited over a corpse previous to its interment.—O! what is life? a vapor or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where is now the graceful form, where the organs of sight, and where the beauty of complexion?

What lamentation, and wailing, and mourning, and struggling when the soul is separated from the body! Human life seems altogether vanity; a transient shadow; the sleep of error; the labor of imagined existence; let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world that we may inherit the kingdom of Heaven.

## THE OBSERVER.

PARIS.....THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1824.

The election has now taken place, in most of the New-England States, of electors of President and Vice-President. In this State, the electors, who are pledged to support Mr. Adams, have been chosen.—Massachusetts has also elected what is called "the Adams ticket," by a large majority. Connecticut has done the same.

In our next, we shall probably be enabled to give some further information, upon this interesting subject, as the elections, in the respective States, are now going on—and we shall use every exertion to lay their true results before our readers. We do not like to hazard too much in "guessing" at the result, but, from all appearances, we could not be disappointed were Mr. Crawford not to receive votes enough to carry him before the House of Representatives as a constitutional candidate, should our next President, finally, have to be chosen by that body, (as we now think he must be.) Of one thing, however, we are certain, Mr. Crawford will not fail, on account of the negligence of his friends.

Below are given, the votes of Cumberland District, (as far as heard from.) As they were so nearly divided, our readers will probably feel more interested to learn the result, than that of any other District in the State.

|                 | ADAMS. | CRAWFORD. |
|-----------------|--------|-----------|
| Portland,       | 600    | 416       |
| North-Yarmouth, | 118    | 11        |
| Freeport,       | 72     | 36        |
| Brunswick,      | 138    | 37        |
| Westbrook,      | 56     | 163       |
| Cape-Elizabeth, | 13     | 67        |
| Gorham,         | 63     | 60        |
| Gray,           | 34     | 59        |
| New-Gloucester, | 104    | 47        |
| Cumberland,     | 37     | 53        |
| Falmouth,       | 16     | 30        |
| Scarborough,    | 35     | 85        |
| Standish,       | 52     | 71        |
| Pownal,         | 17     | 23        |
| Windham,        | 7      | 27        |
| Durham,         | 28     | 20        |
| Poland,         | 68     | 87        |
| Harpstead,      | 31     | 7         |
| Raymond,        | 12     | 65        |
|                 | 1491   | 1376      |

Mr. GALLATIN has withdrawn, in a formal manner, from the contest as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The Richmond Enquirer, of the 19th ult., contained the following note.

*Fayette County, Penn. Oct. 2, 1824.*

Understanding that the withdrawal of my name may have a favorable effect on the result of the approaching election of President and Vice-President of the United States, I request that I may no longer be considered a candidate for the office of Vice-President.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

We would invite the attention of our readers to the remarks of "Abraham," contained in this paper—and especially such of them as are sued at the law. For our own part, we should rejoice if litigation in our Courts could be curtailed and not injure parties concerned; and we much question whether, in the aggregate, any benefit is derived by the appointment of "Auditors."

Should any of the brothers of "Abraham" wish to correct him, (if they conceive him wrong in his opinion,) or feel a disposition to present their views to the public, our paper is open for the discussion—and the only caution we now have to give them, is, not to travel out of the record.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON—It was with some surprise, I perused "No. 2," on "Dysentery," in your paper of October 28.

Mr. "M. D." says, in that number—"The design of my first number, on this subject, was: First, that if any measure could be found of service in the hands of a suffering community, it might be monopolized to their advantage." What are we to understand by this "suffering community?" Does the gentleman intend by this, to tell the community, that their physicians do not understand this disease; and that they had better take the management of it to themselves, and follow his directions? He says, "Secondly, that if it should be the lot of an honest brother to be found pursuing the old imitative art, following the prescriptions as laid down in the book, without ever considering their physiological fitness, or *modus operandi* of medicine, he might be led to a train of reasoning, which would be comfortable to his mind and profitable to his patients." I would ask, if he means by this, that every honest brother ought to follow his directions; and that none are honest, unless they will follow them?

I should think, from his writing, this is what he intended, for in his first number, he says, "much disputation has arisen among physicians, with regard to theory and practice of this disease." He also says, in his second, "I have no intention to post up a catalogue of the opinions of celebrated authors; but the principle of disease is aimed at."

It would seem by these assertions, the gentleman thinks his own opinion, better than the opinions of celebrated authors. Mr. "M. D." mentions, in his first number, his having had "some experience and much observation in a neighboring State; but he does not state, that he has had any experience in this section of the country, in this disease. It would seem from the above statement, he has been in this State but a short time. Mr. "M. D." seems very confident of success, in his manner of treatment, for he says, after speaking of his treatment, "when these measures are thoroughly and judiciously practiced, the patient has a speedy recovery; and avoids that long cuta-

logue of chronic illness, which is subsequent to many cases of dysentery."

He does not think it advisable, to give cathartics, unless scybala appear; but experience has taught us, that the most violent forms of dysentery, require the most prompt evacuations by the bowels, at the onset of the disease. Cathartics should be administered in full doses, so as to promote quick and thorough operations. The medicines, we should select for this purpose, should be those which purge most effectually, with the least irritation, and occasion little or no gripings.

The gentleman, instead of telling us how we shall treat the disease, if it be contagious, and be denied the use of cathartics, has remarked, "that the advocates for contagion in this disease, are, generally, contagionists in typhus fever, wherein," he says, "the local concentration of disease is confined chiefly to the serous membranes, particularly to the pia mater and arachnoid membranes of the brain;" and asks, "how is he to be denied the use of physicizing out these membranes?" (Perhaps we might physic out these membranes, as well as we could bleed or sweat them out.) I would ask the gentleman, what relation, physicizing out the membranes of the brain, bear to dysentery? Does he suppose we wish to give cathartics, in dysentery, for the purpose of physicizing out the villous and mucous coats of the intestines? Mr. "M. D." has given us a long history of the definition of cold; and has told us it is a negative term, implying an absence or subduction of caloric. If he will read my last number carefully, he may, at once, see that obstruction ought to have been abstraction. I dislike disputing upon medical subjects in a public newspaper, but it seemed necessary for some one to answer Mr. "M. D." or many people might have thought his method of treatment, was all correct. Experience has taught us, that some part of his treatment is not correct; especially his method of sweating profusely, and not giving cathartics. However, he seems to have altered his opinion, in some respects, since he wrote his first number, for he says nothing about profuse sweating in his second, but that it is necessary in severe cases. He has also concluded to give cathartics, when scybala appear. We find the same method of treatment, will not answer, in all cases, for there is a great difference in the constitutions of different people.—

Perhaps in visiting a hundred patients, sick with the dysentery, or any other disease, we should find no two of them exactly alike. It is necessary for a physician to understand the pathology and physiology of the human system, and then treat the patient, according to the circumstances of the case. And as "M. D." appears to feel so much, for a "suffering community," we hope, should he again see fit to show us more of his benevolence, he will be more consistent. Then, I presume, he will have some chance to participate with those that may be moored in that "peaceful harbour." MR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON—As the Legislature will soon be in session, I take the liberty to suggest through the medium of your paper, whether it may not be expedient to amend or repeal the law, authorizing our Courts to appoint Auditors in any case whatever, and especially where the appointment of Auditors will operate as a *delay of Justice*. So far as my experience extends, the reports of Auditors do not generally aid either party in the trial of a cause. But the appointment of Auditors always increases the expense of litigation, and in general makes it necessary that the action should be continued. At a subsequent term the parties come forward with increased bitterness and additional testimony; witnesses to support or defend the action, and witnesses to impeach or defend the Auditors' report. It is certainly a subject well worth the consideration of the Legislature, whether the law, as it now stands, may not become a sore evil to the community, and particularly to those who are unfortunately obliged to have their rights settled in Court. There is no doubt, it will always be convenient for a Judge, if he happen to be impatient to return to his friends, or disposed to get rid of duty, to appoint Auditors to try a cause. But the question is, whether any Judge ought to have this right, without the consent of parties. It is subjecting them to additional costs and trouble. It is driving them from that tribunal where they have a right to seek complete redress, to another of limited powers, who have no authority to settle the subject matter in dispute. The report of Auditors has no binding effect, whatever upon the parties. Like other evidence, it may be impeached or wholly rejected. And if it were binding, if it were conclusive evidence, the law would be still more objectionable. It would be an infringement of our Constitution, which has guaranteed to every citizen "the right to a trial by jury." In short, if that section of our Laws, by which our Courts are authorized to appoint Auditors, is defensible on sound principles, I hope some one will be kind enough to shew it, and if it is not, it is presumed that the Legislature will be kind enough to amend or repeal it.

ABRAHAM.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

COLD FINGERS.....NOV. 4, 1824.

Some person play'd a saucy trick  
On neighbor Moony's Almanac;  
He took October, void of grace,  
And nail'd September in its place.  
A month the honest Farmer lost,  
And now repents it to his cost;  
November's sealing wax is found,  
Upon his whole potato ground.  
Most men are govern'd by the Moon,  
Of course, some years, can't plant till June;  
Dare not, when fair, to reap their grain,  
The Almanac predicteth rain.  
The Moon can give and cure all ills;  
Tells when to take the Doctor's pills;

Makes elder beer, molasses work;  
When hogs must die to make full pork.  
New Moons, as good old people talk,  
Run beans to vine, and corn to stalk.  
Some deerhopper guilty of a boll,  
To freeze the ground before the full.  
Wiseacres think she's gone astray,  
Altho' not apt to lose her way—  
So wildly now with snow-slees sporting,  
That Lunatics won't go a courting.  
Makers of Almanacs shall find  
Buyers, henceforth, not quite so blind;  
If they don't change the Moon's wild track,  
Put seasons, like the clock, aback;  
Guided by instinct, or by reason,  
We'll plough, and plant, and reap in season.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a communication from the Author of "Touches on Agriculture," and shall give it a place next week; at the same time, we would thank him for a continuance of favors.

"TITANY," is under consideration.

### SUMMARY OF DOMESTIC NEWS.

Unprofitable Steaming.—A person was brought before the Mayor of Philadelphia, on the 27th ult., by a watchman, and fined for drunkenness and uttering forty-five profane oaths. The fine was 67 cents each oath, and imprisonment 48 hours for each, in case of non-payment of the fine, besides 24 hours' imprisonment for being drunk. The culprit chose the latter alternative, and was accordingly committed to prison.

Upwards of 140,000 pounds butter and lard came through the Canal at Utica, last week; and upwards of 60,000 lbs. the preceding week.—*N. Y. Post.*

A man by the name of Foster, belonging to Reading, Mass. while passing through Andover on Wednesday evening, with a loaded ox team, fell from the tongue of the cart, and the wheel passed over his breast and killed him instantly.—*B. pap.*

The Providence Beacon of the 23d ult. mentions serious riots had taken place between the white people and the blacks in that town, and states that 11 small houses had been demolished.

An instance of the awful effects of intemperance occurred at Lancaster, Penn. recently. A man by the name of Wm. Kirkwood, drank nearly three pints of whiskey, which occasioned his death in the course of a few minutes.

The late Mr. Poydras, of Louisiana by will, directed that his slaves, (7 or 800) should be emancipated in 25 years, and all who before that time may be 60 years of age, and allowed \$10 per year. Emancipation, at that age seems no great boon.

Great Mackerel Catching.—The sch. Trio of this port, belonging to J. Day and J. H. Shortridge, sailed on Thursday afternoon last, and arrived on Friday night with 60 barrels of mackerel, which were taken by 7 hands in about 9 hours.

*Port. Gaz.*

Com. Porter proceeds immediately for the West Indies.

An Insurance Company of New-Orleans which has a capital of \$300,000 divided into 300 shares, with but one tenth part thereof actually paid in—divided, within the last six years, after paying \$168,000 losses, \$48 1/4 per share, per annum.

Yale College.—It is stated that 97 students (exclusive of the Medical Class,) have joined this institution since the late Commencement.

Boudoin College.—The number of students in this highly flourishing institution, is as follows: Seniors 40—Juniors 36—Sophomores 40—Freshmen 21—Total 137.

At the late Agricultural Fair at Hartford, the Devonshire breed of cattle obtained all the premiums, and were preferred by all the farmers to many other fine specimens of cattle.

The dwelling house of widow Ingalls, in Plymouth, Vt. has been destroyed by fire, and melancholy to relate, two of her children perished in the flames.

A fine silk cloak, of American manufacture, colored and woven in imitation of a Scotch Tartan, has been deposited at the store of Mr. Vandervoort, 111, Broadway, N. York. The fabric is quite original, and such as will doubtless meet a ready and extensive sale, provided it can be manufactured at a fair price. The silk was made, and dyed, and woven by a family in Glastenbury, in Connecticut; and certainly does great credit to their ingenuity. The cloak is to be sent to Washington as a present to Mr. Monroe.

A gentleman received a remittance from Havanna a few days ago of \$270, in notes of Newark, (N. J.) Elkton, (Md.) and bank of Potomac, and on presenting them at the banks the whole were pronounced base forgeries. There is no doubt but a gang of counterfeiters now infest the Island of Cuba, and for fear the people of Havanna may get rich too soon, and for the purchase of goods obtained from the robberies of our vessels by the pirates, have taken this mode of retaliation.

*Freeman's Journal.*

It is a remarkable circumstance that the little county of Westmoreland, which lies on the Potomac, about 70 miles below Washington, and has only about 200 voters, is said to produce three Presidents of the United States; three Secretaries of State; three Foreign Ministers; three Judges of the Supreme Court; three Governors and three Revolutionary Generals. It is the birth place of General Washington, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe—of Arthur Lee, the first Minister to France—from Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Washington—of Gen. H. Lee and of Richard Henry Lee, the great Orator of the first Congress, and who, but for the illness of his wife, was to have written the Declaration of Independence.—*Phil. pap.*

Virgin Silver.—Mr. Scoocraft, who recently arrived here from the Sault de Ste-Marie, has shown us a stone, apparently quartz and sand-stone, through which are interspersed veins of white malleable metal, which in respect of color, hardness and weight, resembles the purest silver.—The stone was obtained from an Indian, who said he picked it up on the shore of lake Huron, near Pointe aux Barques—it weighs about one pound and a half, and, from appearances, will yield two ounces of silver.

File attempt.—An attempt was made to poison Philip P. Schuyler, Esq. of Waterleiv, by an indented servant. The girl had prepared arsenic at Troy, on the Friday preceding, but it appears that she had no opportunity of administering it until the evening above mentioned. Shortly after he had taken tea, Mr. S. was seized with a violent pain and vomiting. By this means the arsenic was discharged and he was speedily relieved. The next morning Mr. S. discovered the cause of his illness, and the girl was immediately given to some other neighbors, who found his wife dead and cold, and her infant child crying by her side. Ferguson did not return with them, but was found several days afterwards, wandering about, conscience stricken, with his clothes wet and frozen upon his body. His wife was buried, and no suspicion excited that she had been murdered, until the clothes found upon the dead body were put to the hands of the washerwoman, when it was discovered that there was a hole through them and that they were burned with powder. The body was immediately disinterred, and an

The following curious occurrence happened a few days ago in this city:—A gentleman from the country stopped at a barber's shop to have his hair cut and to be shaved. Having taken off his coat, he laid it on a chair. Immediately after, another gentleman, also from the country, entered to be shaved, and he likewise took off his coat and laid it down. The last person was shaved first and departed. When the former had done and went to get his coat, it was gone; he immediately exclaimed that he was a ruined man, as he had eight or nine hundred dollars in his coat pocket. The apprentices and journeymen were despatched in all directions to find the other gentleman; but to no purpose. At length the barber proposed examining the pockets of the remaining coat, when in one of them was found a pocket book containing from fourteen to fifteen hundred dollars. About an hour after, the proprietor discovering the mistake, came back in a state of perspiration, when an exchange took place to the satisfaction of both parties. The first shaved gentleman had gone from the North River as far as Catherine market, before he discovered his loss.—*N. Y. Er. Post.*

GARDINER, October 26.

Improved Machine.—Messrs. Pray and Benjamin of Livermore, have now in successful operation, an improved, rotary, sectional-tooth, circular saw, Clapboard Machine. The improvement, which is made upon Eastman's machine of similar description, consists chiefly in the manner of setting the saw for the thickness of the clapboard. The manufacturers of this kind of lumber have considered it a desideratum in their business, to have an index to guide the saw in setting, that should not be liable to derangement, and thereby occasion a difference of thickness in boards sawed from the same log, or in parts of the same board. Messrs. Pray and Benjamin have accomplished this object by substituting, instead of the common index, a wheel, to which the log to be sawed is confined by means of a dog driver through it; the wheel, turning but once in sawing out a log, is mortised by a screw, whose threads mesh with the cog of the wheel. Upon the same shaft with the screw, is a wheel, whose cog, meshes with cogs of a bed-piece upon which the log strikes when the board is sawed through, turn the screw, wheel and log. There is a known proportion between these several parts of the machine, and between the diameter of the log and the distance between the cogs of the bed-piece; which bed-piece is changed to correspond to the difference of diameters in the log to be sawed: consequently the space is known through which the wheel turns, and the thickness of the clapboard invariably determined. We understand these ingenious and scientific mechanics have obtained a patent for their improvement.—*Chronicle.*

Chelmsford Granite.—An entire granite shaft of one of the Grecian Doric pillars which are to form the portico of the new United States' Banking House now erecting in this city, arrived here on Thursday from Chelmsford. It is 22 feet in length, with a diameter of over 4 feet at the base, and weighs over 13 tons. It was transported on a carriage, the rear wheels of which were 10 feet high, drawn by 34 pairs of oxen, and was one week on the road, having avoided all bridges except that at Watertown. It attracted much curiosity on the road, and made one of the shows at Brighton on Wednesday. It is pronounced to be one of the boldest enterprises of our Artians, and is said not to have cost over \$950, at the place where it was hammered. Its carriage was a specimen of mechanical ingenuity and skill.—*B. Cent.*

New Department.—It is asserted the President will, at the next session of Congress, recommend the establishment of another Department in our government, to be called "the Department of Domestic Affairs." President Madison strongly recommended the establishment of such a Department in his day, and the necessity has greatly increased. The measure will create a new Member of the Cabinet. Here we believe, the European System is reversed, and the President is responsible, and not the Cabinet.

Melancholy Accident.—As the Sch. Fox was coming up to Shepard's Wharf in this town on Wednesday last, when within about four feet of the wharf, a man by the name of Joshua Davis attempted to leap on shore, but lost his balance, and falling backwards, caught by some part of the vessel, which was still moving with considerable force. Before he could recover himself, he was crushed to death between the side of the vessel and the wharf. Mr. Davis, we understand, was a young man of respectable appearance, about 22 years of age, and belonged to Vassalborough.—*Hallowell Adv.*

New-York, Oct. 30.

Great Fire.—About half past three o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the rear of James and Oliver Streets, which proved more destructive to property than any that has occurred in this city for some months. The

quest held, when it was discovered that she had been shot. Suspicion of course fastened upon the husband, and a train of providential circumstances subsequently combined to fix upon him, as clear as noon day, the guilt of the diabolical deed.

*Phila. Gaz.*

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23.—A laughable occurrence took place in the middle of the Delaware, opposite to this city, on Wednesday last. Three boys were amusing themselves in a boat, when a sturgeon, weighing a hundred and thirty pounds, weary of his own weight, leaped on board their vessel, and would have obtained undisputed possession of it, had there been a possibility of flying. But our heroes were obliged to remain on board, and set up a piteous cry, which collected a large concourse of people on the wharves, who perceiving that there was nothing to apprehend, enjoyed the singular spectacle. The boys having finally mustered courage, returned to their oars, and brought their prize to shore, having learnt that a fish out of water is a very harmless thing.

Trial for Murder.—At the late term of the Supreme Judicial Court held at Cambridge, in and for the County of Hancock, came on the trial of Seth Elliott, of Knox, for the murder of his own child! The trial lasted two days—excited the deepest interest, and was held in the Meeting-house, which was filled to overflowing. Late on Saturday night last, the Jury returned a verdict of Guilty, and the sentence of the law was pronounced against him on Monday.—Council for prisoner—Messrs. Abbot and Orr. For the Government—Mr. Foote, Attorney General, and Mr. Williamson, County Attorney. It is understood that a stenographer attended during the trial, and we may expect soon to see a full account of the evidence and arguments of the Counsel.

*Lin. Intel. of Oct. 5.*

*From the Concord Register.*

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

On Thursday the 14th ult. a boy 7 years of age, the son of a Mr. Ladd of Holderness, living near Sandyich line, went from home in the afternoon, and was seen with some other children, about sunset, near a dwelling house distant about three quarters of a mile. He probably, soon after, set out to return home, and being alone, and night coming on, got bewildered and strayed into the woods. Finding that he did not return, the family early in the evening went in pursuit of him, assisted by some of the neighbors.—Their search proving wholly fruitless, they next summoned to their aid a larger party, and scoured the woods to a considerable distance. They continued the search, reinforced by numbers from other towns, till the Tuesday night following—but all in vain. Nothing was heard of the child, and the patience of the company, as we may well suppose, was pretty nearly exhausted. But as nothing is so agonizing to the heart of a parent as such a dreadful uncertainty of the fate of a child—more distressing far than positive assurance of his death—the company, with feelings alike honorable to them, and consoling to the bosoms of the afflicted parents, agreed, at their own solicitation, to continue the search one day longer. They did so—and in the afternoon of Wednesday the child was found by Col. Shepard of Holderness, in the woods not more than half a mile from his father's house. He had apparently been dead about twenty-four hours—having subsisted as long as he was able, on the herbage within his reach. The little circle around him, within which, as struggling nature gave way, he had laid himself down to his last sad and silent repose, bore witness to his feeble attempts to support life by plucking every green thing within its narrow limits.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

*Extract of a letter from Lima, dated June 11.*

"No alteration has taken place in the state of this country since my last. The army of Bolivar is said to have strengthened itself somewhat, and to have moved in a direction towards Upper Peru. His friends have all confidence in his success; but some others who have seen the state of affairs, under the other government, and have observed their operations for the last two years, think differently. It would seem that the royal army must have received orders from the vice-king not to risk a battle yet awhile, probably until it be known whether a Spanish naval force is coming to these seas or not. All late accounts from Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres agree that an expedition had left Spain with this object. In the mean time a speedy conclusion of the war here, I think, does not seem as probable as when I wrote before."

*An.*

NEW-YORK, Oct. 22.—*Extract of letter from La Rochele, France, 4th Sept. 1824.*—"I have opened my letter again merely to insert the following as something curious.—It is from a Bordeaux paper, 'L'Etoile,'—A wood cutter lately felled, in the forest of Ardenne, a very tall and aged oak, which had concealed in its trunk some remains of vessels used for sacrifices, and some medals. These have been recognised as belonging to the Samnites, and extend as far back as 270 years before the foundation of Rome. The age of this tree, which at that epoch might have been 60 or 80 years, must be about 3600 years."

*From the New-York Gazette.*  
We have been favored with a copy of the following interesting letter from Gibraltar, dated the 10th of September:

"The game is up with the poor fellows at Tarifa. After repulsing the French twice, and holding the place three weeks, it surrendered, after an obstinate defence, to the French, who took 126 prisoners, and sent them all to O'Donnell, at Algeciras, who has been shooting a great portion of them: he executed 30 at one time; amongst the number was the second in

command, young Valdez, who behaved nobly to the last. The commander, by name also Valdez, escaped with a few of his followers across to Tangiers, where he fled to the protection of the American consul, Mr. Mullony, who has done his duty by protecting them, and refusing to give them up, to the repeated demands of the French and Spanish Consuls there. Another large party that went to Almeria, on a similar expedition to that at Tarifa, was taken, and all shot immediately. The country is in a horrid state, and it is confidently asserted, that there are at present more than 80,000 persons confined in the Spanish Prisons, for political sins and transgressions against the 'beloved Ferdinand.'

#### FRANCE AND HAITI.

The Commissioners returned to Port au Prince, from France, on the 5th ult. The failure of their attempt at negotiation produced a deep sensation, and a general spirit of animosity against the French residents, who, it was believed, would be obliged to flee from the place.

The Dutch ship Maximilian arrived at New-York, on Sunday last from Port au Prince, to return with Emigrants.

The Maximilian brings a Proclamation of President Boyer, announcing the failure of the mission to France, and exhorting the people to be prepared for the consequences, and to place the country in a situation to resist any attempt of France to re-conquer it.

News.—We have seen a letter, dated at Carthagena the 27th of last month, (per the William Bayard,) which states, "We have just heard of a great battle between Bolivar and Caceres, in which the former was victorious, having taken a great number of prisoners."—*N. Y. Gaz.*

An interesting law-suit is at this moment carrying on at Paris. The city had sold a house on condition of its being pulled down within a certain time, retaining the property of the ground. The workmen employed in pulling it down found a treasure concealed in one of the walls. The city now claims this treasure, because it has never ceased to be the proprietor of the ground; while the purchaser asserts his right, as the treasure was not found below the surface, but in the wall bought by him. The bricklayer, too, pretends that it is his, because he found it; and as if this were not enough, the administrators of the domains come forward and affirm, that none of these three parties have any title whatever. As the coins discovered are ancient, and as the building before the Revolution belonged to a Convent, it is very likely that the whole will be declared the property of the State.

#### SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

Venice was anciently famed for its admirable police. It happened one day that a French Nobleman, in taking few turns in the square of St. Mark, had his pocket picked of a valuable watch. Instantly on ascertaining his loss, he repaired to the police department, and expressed, with little discretion, and in immeasured terms, his surprise that, under its vaunted regulations, such a circumstance should have occurred in the middle of the day, and in so public a place. "Be careful how you speak of the police of Venice," said the Commissary to whom he had addressed himself. "Your character of foreigner will not shelter you, if you indulge in such invectives. Deposit here four zechins, and repair to-morrow morning at the same hour, to the spot where you lost your watch, with an assurance that it will be restored to you." The Frenchman was punctual, and waited three hours without any tidings of his watch. Still more enraged than before, he again presented himself to the Commissary, venting the bitterest imprecations, and swearing he had been most shamefully plundered and duped, having not only lost his watch, but his zechins, together with his time, which he held to be equally valuable. "Look to your bob," said the Commissary, and there, to his utter astonishment, he found his watch! "You have still to learn something further of the Venetian police," added the Commissary, "for which purpose here is an officer who will accompany you." Having descended to a subterraneous apartment, his guide led him by several gloomy vaulted passages, in crossing which he became more anxious as to what was to befall him, to a chamber, dimly lighted by a lamp; where in a recess, the curtain of which was drawn aside for his inspection, suspended by a cord, he saw the thief.

The letter carried by Sir Hartford Jones from the King of England to the King of Persia, was, during the journey of the embassy through Persia, always placed in a *takht eran*, or litter, which was escorted by ten Indian troopers and an officer, and was never taken out or replaced without the trumpet of the guard sounding a blast. Whenever the train stopped, it was deposited in the tent of ceremony, under a cloth of gold; a sentry with a drawn sword was placed over it, and no one was permitted to sit with his back to it. The correspondence of Princes is an object of general reverence in the East; and the dignity which, by these observances, was attached to the letter of the Sovereign, raised among the people a corresponding respect towards his representatives.

*From the Salem Gazette.*

#### AUTUMN.

How cheering the late blooming face of creation! Weary time seems to pause in his rapid career, And fatigued with the work of his own desolation, Looks behind with a smile on the grave of the year.

The closing season of the year, though undoubtedly a season of pensiveness, brings with it much that is instructive, and much that is interesting. It is a season which no one can approach without emotion, and none can pass through, without feeling how transient and how perishable are the charms of earth.

It is then that the proud heart stoops from its dangerous elevation; and the veriest worldling, who would not heed the loudest thunder, is softened into tenderness by the voice of decaying nature. Silent indeed are its whispers, but it speaks to the heart. He hears it in the winds and storm—it sighs from the leafless wood and desolated field—it echoes from the ocean and cloud; and he weeps that such is the frail tenure by which he holds his possessions and hopes. The falling leaf and the drooping flower are to the unsentimental but the signal for depression, cancelling the dreams of happiness below, and reminding them of the approaching autumn of life, when they must sleep the silent grave.—Where—where can they find consolation, when all the glories of the year are clothed in sack-cloth, and all within is a wilderness, and the grave opens before them, and all beyond is a dark and fearful mystery?

But the Christian—if his earthly comforts die, he knows that his Redeemer lives. If the blossom fades—if the winds arise, and the winter gathers, he feels that his hopes are fixed on the Rock of Ages, and cannot be shaken by the whirlwinds of earth. The same decay, the

same gloom and inclemencies, which sadden the minds of others, awaken in the Christian reanimated zeal, quickening the pulse of moral feeling, and teaching him the value of his inheritance beyond the grave.—Now he feels that this is not his home. Earth dwindles into insignificance; wealth and beauty lose their lustre; titles and dignities cease to charm; and a soothsaying melancholy spreads itself over him, which dims the splendor of earthly glory, and brings nearer the visions of a brighter world. Under the influence of such impressions, he is proof against the calamities of life; affliction cannot dismay; poverty cannot depress; misfortune cannot alienate—amid reproaches and sufferings and death he is still unmoved, looking forward to that eternal Spring, when the storms of life shall cease forever.

Such, very briefly, is the separate influence of Autumn on the unsanctified and the Christian. It brings with it also many lessons of practical morality, which are common to all mankind. The harvest is now past and the summer ended. The bounties of Autumn have been answerable to the labors of seed time. Great have been the rewards of industry, while those who wasted in idleness the season of Spring, are left to starve on the crumbs of charity. From the Spring of Nature, blooming with beauty and inviting the hand of cultivation, we are almost insensibly transported to the Spring of Human Life. It is then that those deep rooted sentiments and prejudices are implanted which determine the sphere, either of greatness or infamy, in which we are to act; and to exert so powerful an influence on the character and conduct through every period of our existence. A slight error in principle, admitted in youth and cherished in our advancing years, may fix a stain upon the character which eternally cannot efface. It is usually in the spring of life, if ever, that the seeds of benevolence and piety and faith are sown, and all those divine virtues are implanted, which beautify and bless the moral world. Here are blossoms far more fragrant and beautiful than deck the face of natural Spring—which bloom afresh, when all around them withers, and casts a radiance around the darkness of the tomb. If then we would reap a rich harvest of glory in the Autumn of our days, let us cultivate in youth those high, unbending principles of rectitude and goodness, whose native soil is Heaven, and whose fruit is Eternal Life.

Another impression, which the season of Autumn is fitted to produce, is the vanity of earthly hopes. Where now is the bloom of Spring, and the magnificence of Summer?—Where are those glowing skies, and that romantic scenery and all the prophetic visions, that then clustered around us? Alas! they are but the emblems of human frailty. In this short and rapid period, which has swept away all the beauties and other revolutions have spread their ravages around us. How many—perhaps our kindred, have "made their cold beds in the grave of the year! We survive—how long? No doubt we dream of long life and prosperity—ours will be perpetual sunshine—the beams of Heaven will play around our habitations; and when the evening of our days is come, our sun will go down in cloudless serenity. Pleasing, but fatal delusion! A few days will tell the tale of our departure—a few more, and our memories will have perished—a few more, and the unwary passenger will tread on our graves, and know not that we are there. There is no confidence to be placed in earthly prospects. The most splendid monuments of human greatness are quickly corroded by time, and all that remains of their magnificence is a mass of mighty ruins. Where now are Carthage, Palmyra and Persepolis? Where are Babylon, and Athens, and Tyre? The winds have swept over their remains—the ivy has wreathed around the fragments of decay—and the solitary raven moans undisturbed amid their ruins, announcing to the world that no pomp of earthly greatness can survive the desolations of time.

To the aged, the season that is now passing, brings with it sympathies which mankind perhaps have denied them. With them the summer scenes of life are past with all their follies and pleasures, and hopes; and they are compelled to feel that their winter is near.—To such the impressions of Autumn, though tender and affecting, are by no means unwelcome. They accord well with that pensiveness which is usually attendant on the declining years of life, and which may well arise from the near prospect of exchanging worlds.

Yet amid these gloomy reflections, the pleasing thought arises, that the spring will again return. The sun of Heaven will again revisit our present inhospitable clime—the forest will "bud and blossom as the rose"—the fields will smile with verdure—the fertilizing showers descend; and the grand animated scenery of nature will be renewed, in all the varieties of awfulness and beauty. And we shall live again. The winter of death will not annihilate the hopes of immortality beyond the grave. Oh! then if we live worthy of that exalted destination, a scene of glory will open before us, which no tongue can describe—no heart conceive—and which will pour upon the transported believer a flood of light and knowledge, through the ceaseless ages of eternity. X.

*Irish Drummer.*—An Irish drummer being employed to flog a deserter, the sufferer, as is usual in such cases, cried out, "strike higher!" The drummer accordingly, to oblige the poor fellow did as he was requested. But the man still continuing to roar out in agony, "Devil burn your bellowing!" cried the Paddy, "there is no pleasure of you, strike where one will."

A far having got into the pit at a London theatre, recognised one of his messmates aloft among the gods (in the gallery). "Pray Jack," cried he, "what did it cost to get into that snug birth?" On being informed, he gave only a shilling. "Upon me, that is a fine business! I gave five shillings to get stowed in this here hold."

#### DEATHS.

In Salem, William R. Lee, Esq., aged 80, Collector of the Customs for the district of Salem and Beverly, which office he had held since 1801. He was a Colonel in the Revolutionary war.

In Hallowell, Dr. Benjamin Page, aged 78.

Drowned in Taunton, Mass., Mr. Stephen Sewall, printer, recently from Boston, aged 46.

In Charleston, S. C. on the 28th Sept. in the 30th year of their age, Messrs. William and J. W. Cannon, and on the 29th, Mrs. William Cannon, in the 24th year of her age. The male subjects of this notice were cousins, and what is a remarkable circumstance, were born on the same day, and left the world at nearly the same hour.

In Bath, Wednesday morning, 27th ult. Mrs. Emily, wife of Cap. G. Torrey, publisher of the Maine Gazette, formerly of Boston, aged 27 years.

At Mexico, Seth Hayden, a shoemaker, of New York State; he was killed for not conforming to a Roman Catholic ceremony precisely in the manner the homicide prescribed.

*A remarkable instance of Longevity.*—Died, at his residence, in the county of Patrick, Virginia, on the 13th ult. Mr. JOHN CAMRON, thought to be the oldest man in this section of Virginia. No date can be obtained by which his age can be accurately ascertained, though he was, generally, supposed to be one hundred and twenty years old. It seems that this part of Virginia was entirely uncultivated—was nothing but an uncivilized wilderness, inhabited only by savage and barbarous Indians when he came to the county in which he died. His associates and relations have many years since paid the debt of nature, and he was left alone, without a being (save his negroes) to administer to his wants, or to soothe him in his last dying moments. Mr. Camron emancipated his slaves, and gave one of them a valuable tract of land.

#### STEPHEN EMERY,

*Counsellor and Attorney at Law,*

HAS RESUMED his Office at Paris, County of Oxford, U. S.—Business entrusted to his care, will receive his best attention. Nov. 11.

#### Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are notified, that his demands are lodged in the Office of ENOCH LINCOLN, Esq. for collection, and will be sued, if not soon paid. JOHN WOODBURY. Paris, Nov. 11, 1824.

#### Notice.

PERSONS indebted for the carding of wool, at the Mill, called Cuming's Mill, are requested to settle the same with ENOCH LINCOLN, with whom the demands are lodged at present for their accommodation. Paris, Nov. 11, 1824.

#### NEW GOODS...cheap.

ASA BARTON, Agent,

HAS just received, and offers for sale, at very low prices for cash, Bobbazines, various colors and prices; Caroline and Scotch Plaids; Cassimere and Imitation Shawls; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Tabby Velvets; Synchaw and Lustring Silks; Nankin, Canton and Italian Crapes; Crapé Dresses; Ribbons, a large variety; French Braids; Silk and Kid Gloves; Cotton and Worsted Hose; Black and colored Sewing Silk and Twine; Real treble gilt Coat and Vest Buttons; cheap Coat and Vest ditto; Glass and gilt Buttons; Waist Buckles; Clasps; Snaps; Hooks and Eyes, &c. &c.

Also—Green, red and yellow Flannels; Satinets; Sheetings; Shirtings; Ginghams; Bedticks; Cotton Yarn, warranted good, or no sale; Knitting; Wicking, &c. &c. Nov. 11.

#### NOTICE.

THE Copartnership existing under the firm of A. & E. SHAW, will expire on the 8th October ensuing. ALPHEUS SHAW, ELIAS SHAW.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favors, would inform his friends and customers that he continues business at the old stand. All indebted to the said firm of A. & E. Shaw, are requested to make payment, without delay, to Alpheus Shaw, who is duly authorized to adjust the same. Those notes and accounts of more than six months standing will be put in suit without further notice.

ALPHEUS SHAW.

Portland, Sept. 20. 18.

#### HORACE SEAVER,

*Chambers over Nos. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Buildings, PORTLAND,*  
(Entrance at No. 2)

HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large assortment of American, English, French, and India GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING; Do. Bleached do. Do. Washington TICKING; Do. Northbridge and Wrentham do; Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS; Do. Cotton YARN, all numbers; Do. BATTING, for Comforters; 70 Pieces SATINNETS, blue, drab and mix'd; 30 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES; 50 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors; 150 do. BOMBAZETS, assorted colors, fig'd and plain; 100 do. American CALICOES; 200 do. English do. 4-4 French do.

German and Flng Handkerchiefs.—Cotton Flag, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black fig'd Velvet and silk Vesting; Valentine do; Caroline Plaids; Black sowing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig'd Plaid, and Tafeta Ribbons; Galloons; 100 gross Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Sartlets; Green Florence; Black, Drab and Green Levantines; Pearl Striped and Fig'd Groce Naples; Sewing Cottons, all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Knitting Cottons; 300 gross Glass and Metal Buttons; Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing and Bonnet Paper; Binders' and Bandbox Boards; Looking Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Moccasin and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please.

&lt;

## POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

I love the welcome of a friend:  
Like welcome La Jatte—  
A listening ear I will not lend,  
To a deceitful, proud coquette.

I love to chat with a virtuous maid,  
Who lays no snare or net;  
But I detect, (let all degrade,)  
The hasty, vain coquette.

I love to see the sky serene,  
To walk abroad, the grass not wet,  
Two lovely maidens walk between;  
Still I despise the vain coquette.

I love to pluck sweet flowers in May,  
With little sweet blue ey'd Annette—  
There's no respect that I will pay,  
To her that's a profligat coquette.

I love to ride on board a boat,  
When all her sails are set;  
Tis then my happiness abroad;  
I'ld sink with a coquette.

PIERREPOINT.

## THE END OF ALL MEN.

*Written in the Cemetery in Renshaw street, Liverpool.*

STRANGER! in thy pride of soul,  
Canst thou strive with Nature's doom:  
Or the stream of Time control,  
O'erward sweeping to the tomb?

Do the dreams of lengthened years,  
On the sinking spirit die,  
Mocking all thy hopes and fears,  
Child of frail mortality?

Pause thee, then, and mark the ground,  
Sacred to a *dead*'s sway;  
Infant age, and thought profound,  
Here meet equal tribute pay.

Dost thou, on life's slippery stage,  
Seek the joys that Earth can give?  
Come and—can Death's ample page;  
Learn for other wealth, to live?

What is life?—a passing shade;  
What is pleasure, but a sigh?  
Earthly scenes in vapor pale;  
"Less dust and vanity."

There's a day that knows no end,  
There's a land where troubles cease;  
Feuds and strife, and discord blend  
All to harmony and peace.

Wouldst thou gain that realm of light?  
Arm thee for the victor's field;  
Not in wage the Christian fight,  
Fathoms thy sword and shield!

Go, and win the heavenly prize!—  
"Is a Parent's voice on high,  
Bids us still pleasures rise,  
Boundless at eternity."

## VARIOUS.

*On Decr.—* One day, we see carried along the coffin of the smiling infant; the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view; and the next day we behold the young man, or young woman of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by numerous unconcerned company, who are discussing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life; let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to themselves what is going on there. There we should see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society, and, with tears in their eyes, looking to the chancery that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be ever duly soothed, and melted down into humanity.—Another day, we follow to the grave one, who, in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity, sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to discourse, of all the changes which such a person has seen during the course of his life. He is passed. It is like, through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity and adversity. He has seen friends and kindred rise and fall. He has seen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt rising in a manner new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are closed for ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not had arisen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away. Through cut all ranks and conditions, *one generation passeth, and another generation cometh;* and this great inn is by turns evacuated, and replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims.—O vain and inconstantial world! O fleeting and transient life! When will the sons of men learn to think of these, as they ought? When will they learn lenity from the afflictions of their brethren; or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state.—Blair.

*From the New-York Mirror.*

## CORAL REEFS.

Capt. Brazil Dug in his voyage to the Loo choo Islands, remarks that "the examination of a coral reef, during the different stages of its life, is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time, it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and rough; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which were before in it. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that, in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six in-

ches long, which are moved about in rapid motions, in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark color, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When coral is broken, about high-water mark, it is a solid hard stone, but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and color, some being as fine as a thread, and others resemble snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long. The growth of the coral appears to cease where the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in a form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tide, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef, of course, no longer extends itself upwards.—The other parts, in succession, reach the surface, and there stop, forming, in time, in a level field, with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from going higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But this growth being as rapid at the upper edge, as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved."

The accumulation of habitations thus formed by these apparently insignificant animals, sometimes reach to an immense extent, and constitute the base of many islands in the China Seas, and in the Pacific Ocean. To rear a stupendous fabric from the very depth of the ocean, and raise it several feet above its surface, is a task which might appal the most powerful and civilized nations; yet it is performed with ease by an insect so small, and to appearance so helpless, that we are at first inclined to discredit the fact. But this is not all: in preparing their own habitations, these seemingly contemptible creatures prepare a future abode for man.

When part of the coral reef is once raised above the reach of the tide, and is thus secured from the incursions of the sea, the insect abandons its labors in this direction and elevates the other parts of the mass until the whole has reached the same height. Seaweeds, which are then thrown on the barren and rugged mass, decay, and indeed soon after by the dung of the sea-turtle, become the ground work of future vegetation. Mosses succeed; manure and seeds are brought at the same time, and by the same individuals; until at length a bed of vegetable mould is formed, capable of producing plants and trees. This simple process seems to be that by which nature enlarges the land, and prepares a place on which man may fix his residence.

*From the Medical Adviser.*

## THE DISFASE OF LOVE.

It is a serious fact, that a greater number of young girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and of young men between eighteen and twenty-four, fall victims to what they call love, than to any other particular class of disease; and more particularly in England, and in Ireland than in any other country on earth. This is from the force of impressions peculiar to these countries, and of comparative recent growth—the effect produced by a certain class of romance writers. These writers give an opportunity to the young mind, which leads to destruction. Scarcely has a young girl laid down her "Reading made easy," than she becomes a subscriber to some trashy library, and the hours which, in the country, or in a land where education is unknown, they would employ in jumping about in the open air, are now consumed with intensity of thought upon the manifold miseries of some hapless heroine of romance, the abortion of a diseased brain. Her "miseries," as Sprague would physiologically describe, becomes developed, and she fixes her favorite heroine, when she apes in every thing—sighing for her, sorrow and meaning to be as miserable. She fixes immediately upon some figure of a man—some Fwyne, or Elmer, or Ethelbert—which she thinks will horrify with the horrors of the victim, and she then enjoys her tears and her tortures to her heart's satisfaction. Longing, inaction, indecision, late rising, and incessant sighing, derange her digestion—abstain, loss of appetite, and general debility follow—the case continues, the effects increase, and hectic fever puts an end to the romance. We have known a young Irish lady who read herself into this situation. She was at the age of thirteen, as lively, as healthy, and as fine a little princess of a school as that country ever produced. When the Lead-street troop of romances crossed her way, an either of a very different sort of troupe became her rove. She would "sit in her bower" (the cold, close wind-swept gaze)—and gaze upon her star, this helmet and its streaming black-helmed crest, as he passed to mount guard, until she sold out in ecstasy of melancholy. She never spoke to this "Knight," nor did she even seek an acquaintance—lest, perchance, a formal proposal, a good log of mutton dinner and all the realities of domestic happiness might dissipate the sweet romance she so much delighted in. A year passed over—she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy, entered a convent that is the clausum of romance,) where she died in a few months!

## "I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW."

Of all the methods man, in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself, that of procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a trite remark of a venerable sage extant to this purpose, "all the good you will ever accomplish—all the labor you will ever do—must be done *To-day*—*to-morrow, there is no To-morrow.*" That period of time which lies beyond the present moment is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To-morrow, to us, is as remote today, or, *tempore.* To suspend anything important them, upon *so absolute an uncertainty* of badness—as saith the Poet:

"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise—"

"To-morrow's sun to you may never rise."

But even if it does return, the thing called opportunity, may not return with it.

My aunt Dorothy was the first example I ever had of the sad evil of this "I'll do it to-morrow" mania. She was a very pretty, gay girl, and being decidedly the belle of the village, had young men in abundance at one time and another paying court to her. They were not all mere slippers neither, just fit to be worn a few days and then shoo off, but were, some of them, young fellows worth listening to; had the means to marry, and so forth. But whether it was that she dearly loved to be courted, as most girls do, you know, or that she really found some difficulty in choosing among them, I know not; she kept putting

one and another of them off until to-morrow; but at last the golden chance all went by; and she was left to sing the sad ditty of

"Nobody coming to marry me,

"Nobody coming to won."

In ancient times this disposition to procrastinate, existing in the mind of one great man, was the pivot upon which the fortunes of a world turned. You remember Hannibal and Cannae. When the Roman legions were broken and destroyed; the city, panic-struck and despatched, Hannibal said, I will march to-morrow, until his enemy gathered strength; again put on her armor; and the time for conquest had gone by forever. Had it not been for this, Carthage might have won the crown of the universe, and Hannibal known no greater general in the annals of time.

And known a one is there who can remember when reason called—"Excuse these morning drams; these idle habits; these crooked paths of folly"—at a moment, too, when some bright opportunity had just opened before him of prosperity, wealth or honor.

And he put off the warning until to-morrow, and tomorrow; and saw each promise fade, and felt the strong grasp of confirmed bad habits dragging him to ruin; and cried in agony, oh, departed opportunities gone, gone, forever!"

A great deal of decision is necessary if we would prosper. No one was ever successful to any considerable extent, without it. To-morrow; it is a cheat, and it deceives us principally in this that it presents constantly before us a space of coming time, and conceals from our view the multitudinous affairs it will bring with it to fill up every vacant moment.

Thus when it comes it disappoints us, by presenting itself loaded with its own cares and wants, and without space in which to deposit those of the time that is past.

OLIVER OAKWOOD.

*Close Preaching.*—Some time in the summer of 1806, Bishop W. Knobee, then presiding elder of the district, was preaching near Maysville, (Ky.) the landing place for most of the emigrants to the upper part of the State of Kentucky. His subject naturally led him to *entertain an exertion.* It was there that the emigrants were frequently exposed to impositions of various kinds, from want of knowledge of the prices of different commodities. With his usual ingenuity he pressed the subject very closely. "Yes, (said he,) it frequently happens that some take the advantage of the poor emigrant too, that has removed to your fine country to become your neighbor and fellow-citizen; you sell him your corn, or other produce at a double price, and the corn, when it is only worth fifty cents to the bushel, you ask a dollar; ah! can I receive it ten of the poor man who has to grapple with misfortunes to support his family?" An aged gentleman sitting near the door was discovered to become more and more uneasy. His hoary locks gave him a venerable cast, but the emotions of his mind were such as to operate upon the muscular movement of his features. As the subject was pressed, his agitation increased; he could stand it no longer; but rising from his seat, thus addressed the preacher: "If I did sell my corn for a dollar a bushel, I gave them six months to pay it in." Sit down, my friend, calmly replied the Bishop; sit down, sir, if you please, we are discussing a subject and delineating a character; we are not in the habit of making personal reflections.
*[Methodist Mag.]*

Two Cardinals said to Raphael, the great master of the pencil, that in one of the pieces he had put too much red in the countenance of St. Peter and St. Paul. "Be not astonished at that, my Lords; I have painted them, as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the church so badly governed."

## CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

MADAM—Most worthy of estimation: after long consideration, and much meditation, of the great reputation, you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination, to "conserve your relation." On your approbation, of the declaration, I shall make a preparation, to remove my situation, to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration; and if this intimation, is worthy of observation, and can obtain consideration, it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation.

*Of yours, &c. SANS DISIMULATION.*

## THE ANSWER.

SIR—I perused your oration, with much deliberation, and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination, to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination, and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation, was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from contention, to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of a great variation in each signification.

NOW, without disputation, your laborious application, to so studious an occupation, deserves commendation, and thinking imitation, a sufficient gratification—I am without hesitation, Yours,

MARY MODERATION.

## AGRICULTURAL.

*From the New-England Farmer.*

## RAISING OF ONIONS.

TO THE EDITOR—DEAR SIR: In a late Farmer, your excellent correspondent, Mr. Preston, wished some gentleman to answer questions there proposed by him, respecting the raising of onions. As I have cultivated them for many years, I communicate my own method.

1. "What is the best kind of soil or manure for their growth?"

The soil ought to be a deep black loam, that will crumble fine when the plough passes thro' it; such as is easily raked smooth and pulverized. A heavy, clammy soil, that adheres together when both wet and dry—a dry, clayey, or a sandy soil will not answer. I know of no vegetable that is so difficult to please, with a soil, as the onion—though they will grow well yet they will not ripen, but hold green throughout the fall, and many of them will be what are generally known by the name of scullions, with the neck stiff and green; whereas those on suitable ground are ripe and dry, by the 1st of September.—Rotten stable manure, made in the winter, preceding the spring in which it is put on the land, is generally made use of: to be spread on the ground and ploughed in. I have a piece of land four rods square, on which onions have been raised, I suppose, these eighty years; and since I have improved it, I have yearly spread upon it five cart-loads of manure, such as are usually drawn by one pair of oxen—and have raised from four to seven hundred bunches of onions upon it, at 3 and a half pounds to the bunch, of which about sixteen make a bushel.

2. "What time of the season is best to put the seed in the ground?"

*BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.**A true copy, attested, THOMAS WESTON, Register, 17-1*

As soon as the frost is out of the ground, and it is sufficiently dry to be worked. I have frequently planted them in the latter part of March, but more frequently in the first days of April.

3. "In what manner will the same piece of ground produce the most—in hills or broad cast?"

I have always planted them in hills, which is the general practice in Concord. My method of preparing the ground and planting the seed, is, First, carry on the manure and spread it as even as possible; when the ground is to be ploughed deep, then let the plot be divided into beds, about three feet nine inches wide; to do which, the easier way is, to stretch a line across, lining one bed at a time; after this, let a man with a shovel or a potatoe hoe, make an alley through the whole piece, to separate the beds, about four inches deep, and sufficiently wide to admit a person to walk in it. Then let the lumps be beat fine, levelling the ground and shaping the beds; which, after being raked smooth, must be divided into squares of 6 or 8 inches. This is best done by a line, or it is sufficiently exact to draw a heavy rope backward and forward. Now let the seeds, 6 or 7 in a hill, more or less, be dropped into the corners of the squares, and covered with mould, about half an inch deep, pressed down with the hand. Many persons make their beds, in width, 20 or 25 feet; but I think narrow beds are more easily weeded and kept clean, and the onions are not so liable to be trod on.

4. "What is the best mode of preserving a quantity through the winter?"

Hang them in bunches, in a dry cellar, that is free from frost, and as far from the bottom of the cellar as possible. Yours, truly, TH. HUBBARD. Concord, Oct 9, 1824.

## AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTION AT DFRBY, (Con.)

We are happy to hear that the Agricultural Seminary under the superintendance of Mr. Horatio and Mr. Cor, of which we published a notice and advertisement in the New-England Farmer, volume ii, pages 302, 303, is established under favorable auspices, and with every prospect of success. A letter from one of the instructors to the Editor states as follows:—We have made a good beginning in the school, and it promises all we anticipated. We have had 80 scholars this term, and expect a considerable increase at the commencement of the next.

## THE WINTERIZED.

A NEW PAPER, QUARTO SIZE,  
CONDUCTED BY

A SOCIETY OF LITERARY GENTLEMEN,  
IN  
PORTLAND.

Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore, where the numbers may be examined. Oct. 7, 1824.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE, in six volumes—last American Edition. *It will be sold cheap.* Oct. 7.

## Anderson's Cough Drops.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Anderson's Celebrated COUGH DROPS. They are a most valuable medicine for the cure of coughs and consumption.

Also—Lee's Pills; Dean's Rheumatic Pills; Dr. Reil's Asthmatic Pills; Dr. Reil's Botanical Drops; Jaundice Bitters; Court Plaster; Itch Ointment, &c. &c.

Oct. 11.

## Trial of Gen. Hull.

REPORT of the trial of Gen. Wm. Henn, commanding the northwestern army of the United States, by a Court Martial, held at Albany, 3d January, 1824, and succeeding days, taken by Lieut. Col. Forbes, to which is added, an appendix, containing the charges exhibited against Gen. Hull, Gen. Hull's Defence, and Appendix No. 2, containing Letters, and Depositions. The whole comprised in one vol. 3 vols. 14 x 23.

The above work is often referred to in Gen. Hull's Letters, which are now publishing in the newspapers. For sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

THE MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

## 1825.

\* Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Col. Simeon Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, James Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Paris; Enoch Crocker, Nathan Atwood and Messrs. Long & Loring, Buckfield; John R. Briggs, Windham; and the traders generally.

Patra, October 14.

## PROBATE NOTICE.